THE REHEARSAL,

As it is now Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

By *GEORGE* late DUKE of *BUCKINGHAM.*

The Eighth Edition,
With some Explanatory Notes.

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PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this ſhort Mock-play of ours,
A Poſie made of Weeds inſtead of Flowers;
Yet ſuch have been preſented to your Noſes,
And there are ſuch, I fear, who thought 'em Roſes.
Would ſome of 'em were here, to ſee, this night,
What ſtuff it is in which they took delight.
Here brisk inſipid Rogues, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull Senſe; but oft'ner none at all:
There ſtrutting Heroes, with a grim fac'd Train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyſes vein.
For (changing Rules, of late, as if Men writ
In ſpite of Reaſon, Nature, Art and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now Critiques, do your worſt, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I ſhall aſſume the State
Of thoſe High-flyers, whom I imitate:
And juſtly too, for I will teach you more
Than ever they would let you know before;
I will not only ſhew the feats they do,
But give you all their reaſons for 'em too.
Some honour may to me from hence ariſe,
But if by my endeavours, you grow wiſe,
And what you once ſo prais'd, ſhall now deſpiſe;
Then I'll cry out, ſwell'd with Poetick rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your Stage.

The Actors Names.

Bayes.
Johnson.
Smith.
Two Kings of *Brentford.*
Prince *Pretty-man.*
Prince *Volscius.*
Gentleman-Usher.
Physician.
Drawcansir.
General.
Lieutenant-General.
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
Fisher-man.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Souldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals.
Mayor.
Judges.
Serjants at Arms.
} Mutes.

Women.

Amarillis.
Cloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth.
Attendance of Men and Women.

Scene, *Brentford.*

THE

THE REHEARSAL.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Johnſon *and* Smith.

Johnſ. HOneſt *Frank*! I am glad to ſee thee with all my heart. How long haſt thou been in Town?

Smi. Faith, not above an hour: And, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the ſtrange new things we have heard in the Country.

Johnſ. And by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantaſtical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull, and fantaſtick! that's an excellent Compoſition. Pray, what are our Men of Buſineſs doing?

Johnſ. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knoweſt my humour lies another way. I love to pleaſe my ſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: And therefore do naturally avoid the company of thoſe ſolemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reaſon, and inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought Men of Buſineſs.

Smi. Indeed, I have ever obſerv'd, that your grave lookers are the dulleſt of Men.

Johnſ. I, and of Birds, and Beaſts too: Your graveſt Bird is an Owl, and your graveſt Beaſt is an Aſs.

Smi. Well; but how doſt thou paſs thy time?

Johnſ. Why, as I uſe to do; Eat drink as well as I can, have a ſhe-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and ſometimes ſee a Play: Where there are ſuch things (*Frank*) ſuch hideous, monſtrous things, that it has almoſt made me forſwear the Stage, and reſolve to apply my ſelf to the ſolid Nonſenſe of your Men of Buſineſs, as the more ingenious Paſtime.

Smi. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country Wits commend 'em.

Johnſ. I, ſo do ſome of our City-wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

Smi. New kind! what kind is that?

Johnſ. Why, your Virtuoſo, your civil perſons, your Drolls; Fellows that ſcorns to imitate Nature; but are alwayes

Smi. Elevate, and Surprize! pr'y thee make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth; that's a hard matter: I don't understand that my self. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no meaning by. I'll tell you as near as I can, what it is. Let me see: 'Tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhiming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Sense.

Mr. Bayes *passes over the Stage.*

Bayes. Your most Obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

Johns. God so, this is an Author? I'll go fetch him to you.

Smi. No pr'y thee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him, [*Goes after him.* Here he is, I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this Friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small Capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the Honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this. ——— Sweet Sir, your servant.

Smi. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

Bayes. I, Sir: What is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot?

Johns. I, I; any thing.

Bayes. Faith Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my Head? but I have a new one, in my Pocket, that I may say is a Virgin, 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'Tis all new Wit; and though I say it, a better than my last: And you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall Read, and Write, and Act, and Plot, and Shew, Ay, and Pit, Box, and Gallery, I Gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This Morning is it's last Rehearsal, in their Habits, and all that, as it is to be Acted; and if you, and your Friend will do it but the Honour to see it in its Virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be asham'd to discover its Nakedness unto you—I think it is in this Pocket. [*Puts his hand in his Pocket.*

Johns. Sir, I confess, I am not able to Answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my Friend will do so too.

Smi. Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your Company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, Cry you mercy: This is my Book of *Drama Common places*, the Mother of many other Plays.

Johns. *Drama Common places*! Pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we Men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smi. How, Sir, helps for Wit?

Bayes. I, Sir, that's my position. And I do here averr, That no Man [illegible] upon, his parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, ex-

Johns. What are those Rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion, or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into Verse, *alternative* as you please.

Smi. Well: but how is this done by Rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easie when understood? I take a Book in my Hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) and if it be Verse, put it into Prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smi. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so chang'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, by way of Table-book. Pray observe.

Johns. We hear you Sir: go on.

Bayes: As thus, I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I clapit down, and make that, too, my own.

Johns. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are you not sometime in danger of their making you restore, by Force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No, Sir; the World's unmindful: They never take notice of these things.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third Rule that I have here in my Pocket.

Smi. What Rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my Head about it, as other Men do, but presently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Persius*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca's Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch's Lives*, and the rest, have ever thought upon this Subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as sure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sirs, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

Smi. We'll follow you, Sir, [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes I have it without Book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in; wether angry, melancholly, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.*

1 *Play.* Pho! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspence; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sense, tires them before the end of the first Act: now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in matter. And then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dances we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and those are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us Money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson *and* Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr.—a—Ha you your part ready;

1 *Play.* Yes Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true humour of it?

1 *Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Amarillis*, how does she do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play.* O, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you, now, a pretty Conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

Smith. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her *Armarillis*, because of her Armor. Ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well, indeed.

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little Rogue; I knew her face would set off Armor extremely; and, to tell you true, I write that part only for her. You must know she is my Mistress.

Johns. Then I know, another thing, little *Bayes*, that thou hast had her, I gad.

Bayes. No, I gad, not yet; but I am sure I shall: For I have talk'd bawdy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? Pr'ythee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is, in the *French* Tongue, a certain Criticism, which, by the variation of the Masculine Adjective instead of the Fœminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: as, for Example, *Ma vie* is my life; but if, before *vie* you put *Mon* instead of *Ma*, you make it bawdy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I, having observ'd this, set a Trap for her, the other day in the Tyring Room; for this said I, *Adieu bel Esperanse de mavie*; (which I gad is very pretty) to which she answer'd, I vow, almost as prettily every jot; for said she, *Songes a mavie Monsieur*; where upon I presently snapp'd this upon her; *Non, non, Madam* —— *Songes que a mon*, by gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smith. This is one of the richest Stories, Mr. *Bayes*, that ever I heard of.

Bayes.

Bayes. I, let me alone, I gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em, I warrant you: But I'm a little nice; for you muſt know, at this time, I am kept by another Woman, in the City.

Smi. How kept? for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *Beau Gerſon*: I am, ifackins.

Smi. Nay, then we ſhall never have done.

Bayes. And the Rogue is ſo fond of me, Mr. *Johnſon*, that I vow to gad, I know not what to do with my ſelf.

Johnſ. Do with thy ſelf! no; I wonder how thou canſt make a ſhift to hold out, at this rate.

Bayes. O Devil, I can toil like a Horſe; only ſometimes, it makes me melancholly: and then I vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to ſay you one good thing if it were to ſave my life.

Smi. That we do verily believe, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. And that's the only thing, I gad, which mads me, in my Ammours; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. *Johnſon*, my acquaintances, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull: now I am the furtheſt from it in the whole World, I gad; but only, forſooth, they think I am ſo, becauſe I can ſay nothing.

Johnſ. Phoo, pox. That's ill natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay, gad, there's no truſting o'theſe Rogues; but —— a —— Come, let's ſit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that cauſes the variety of all the ſeveral accidents, which you know, are the things in Nature that makes up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I ſuppoſe two Kings of the ſame place: as for example, at *Brentford*, for I love to write familiarly. Now the People having the ſame relations to 'em both, the ſame affections, the ſame duty, the ſame obedience, and all that; are divided amongſt themſelves in point of devoir and intereſt, how to behave themſelves equally between 'em: the Kings differing ſometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my ſelf well underſtood.)

Johnſ. I did not obſerve you, Sir: pray ſay that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beſeech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or elſe you'll never underſtand my notion of the thing) the People being embarraſt by their equal ties to both, and the Soveraigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well as to their own intereſt, as the good of the People; may make a certain kind of a —— you underſtand me —— upon which, there does ariſe ſeveral diſputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that —— In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you ſee it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*

Smi. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any ſence out of this.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both ſerve for

either: [that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue:] (do you mark?) nay, they may both ſerve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

Smi. Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your Judgements, now, which of them would do beſt for the Prologue? For, you muſt know there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by inſinuation, good language, and all that, —— a —— in a manner, ſteal your plaudit from the courteſie of the Auditors: The other, by making uſe of ſome certain perſonal things, which may keep a hank upon ſuch cenſuring perſons, as cannot otherways, A gad, in nature, be hindred from being to free with their tongues. To which end, my firſt Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell'm plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, I gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he ſhall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping —— a ——.

Smi. I, But ſuppoſe they don't.

Bayes. Suppoſe! Sir, you may ſuppoſe what you pleaſe, I have nothing to do with your ſuppoſe, Sir; nor am not at all mortified at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppoſe quoth a! —— ha, ha, ha. [*walks away.*

Johnſ. Phoo! pry'thee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he ſays: he is a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the reliſh, here, of the Town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to pleaſe the Country, I ſhould have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for ſome Perſons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that underſtand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johnſ. I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm ſure the deſign's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Beſides, Sir, I have Printed above a hundred ſheets of paper, to inſinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and, withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm ſure, will clap, and ſo the reſt, you know, muſt follow; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your ſuppoſe? ha, ha, ha.

Johnſ. Nay, if the buſineſs be ſo well laid, it cannot miſs.

Bayes. I think ſo, Sir: and therefore would chuſe this to be the Prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to clap, before they ſee the Play, you know it would be ſo much the better; becauſe then they were engag'd: for let a man write never ſo well, there are, now-a-days, a ſort of perſons, they call Criticks, that I gad, have no more wit in them than ſo many Hobby Horſes; but they'l laugh at you, Sir, and find fault, and cenſure things, that, I gad, I'm ſure, they are not able to do themſelves. A ſort of envious perſons, that emulate the glories of perſons of parts.

and

and think to build their fame, by calumniation of persons, that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all persons inthe World are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as —— a —— In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

Johns. Nay, you have said enough of 'em, in all conscience: I'm sure more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the sake of some Ingenious persons, and choice Female Spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd, I gad, see 'em all hang'd before I would e'er set Pen to Paper; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

Johns. I Marry! that were away to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: And if I were in your place, now, I would do so.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain tyes upon me, that I cannot be disingag'd from; otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my Hang-man?

Smi. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it Sir? (for I see you can judge) Would you have it for a Prologue, or the Epilogue.

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

Johns. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Johns. That's greater, I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho' there have been many Witty Prologues Written of late, yet, I think, you'll say this is a *non pareille*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be a Dialogue; and as, in my first, you see, I strive to oblige the Auditors by Civility, by good Nature, good Language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuse for the persons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprenhend the coneit?

Johns. Phoo, Pox! then you have it cock sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate dainty *Simile*'s in the whole World, I gad, if I knew how to apply it.

Smi. Let's hear it, I Pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion of Love.

So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chestnut-Groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves:
Pensive in Mud they wallow all alone,
And Snore and Gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johns. Faith 'tis extraordinary fine: And very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a Storm.

Bayes. I gad, and so it does, now I think on't, Mr. *Johnson*, I thank you; and I put it in *profetto*. Come out *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Enter Thunder *and* Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Bayes. Mr. *Cartwright*, pry'thee ſpeak that a little louder, and with a Hoarſe Voice. I'm the bold *Thunder*! Pſhaw! ſpeak it in a Voice that Thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

Bayes. Nay, but you muſt be quick and nimble. The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the braveſt *Hector* of the Sky.

Light. And I fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die.

Thun. I ſtrike Men down.

Light. I Fire the Town.

Thun. Let Criticks take heed how they grumble,
For then I begin for to rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blaſt all the paint on their Faces,
And dry up their Peter to Soot.

Thun. Let the Criticks look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.

Light. For *Lightning* will ſhoot.

Thun. I'll give you daſh for daſh.

Light. I'll give you flaſh for flaſh.
Gallants I'll ſinge your Feather.

Thun. I'll *Thunder* you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't: Look to't we'll do't.
[*Twice or thrice repeated.*

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a flaſh of a Prologue: A Droll.

Smi. Yes, 'Tis ſhort indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the *ſimile's* in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad. Come, come begin the Play.

Enter firſt Player

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but he'll be here preſently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a Pipe of Tobacco.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, Johnſon *and* Smith.

Bayes. NOW, Sir, becauſe I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, inſtead of beginning with a Scene that diſcovers ſomething of the Plot, I begin this Play with a Whiſper.

Smi.

Smi. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your ſeats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Uſher and Phyſician.

Phyſ. Sir, by your habit, I ſhould gueſs you to be the Gentleman-Uſher of this ſumptuous place.

Uſh. And by your Gait and Faſhion, I ſhould almoſt ſuſpect you rule the Healths of both our Noble Kings, under the notion of Phyſician.

Phyſ. You hit my Function right.

Uſh. And, you mine.

Phyſ. Then let's embrace.

Uſh. Come.

Phyſ. Come.

Johnſ. Pray, Sir, who are thoſe ſo very civil perſons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Uſher, and Phyſician of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

Johnſ. But, pray then, how comes it to paſs, that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Plot.

Johnſ. Very well.

Phyſ. Sir, to conclude.

Smi. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir, you muſt know, they had been a talking of this a pretty while without.

Smi. Where? in the Tyring-room?

Bayes. Why, ay Sir. He's ſo Dull! Come ſpeak again.

Phyſ. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Tallents of a wary Pilot, and all theſe threatning Storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are graſp'd but by the eye of reaſon) melt into fruitful Showers of Bleſſings on the People.

Bayes. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

Johnſ. Yes; that graſping of a ſtorm, with the Eye, is admirable.

Phyſ. But yet ſome Rumors great are ſtirring; and if *Lorenzo* ſhould prove falſe, (which none but the Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that ——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now he Whiſpers.

Uſh. Alone, do you ſay?

Phyſ. No; attended with the Noble ——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Again.

Uſh. Who, he in Gray?

Phyſ. Yes; and at the Head of ——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Pray mark.

Uſh. Then, Sir, moſt certain, 'twill in time appear,
Theſe are the reaſons that have mov'd him to't;
Firſt, he ——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now the other Whiſpers.

Uſh. Secondly, they ——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes.

Bayes. At it ſtill.

Uſh. Thirdly, and laſtly, both he, and they ——— *Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now they both Whiſper. [*Exeunt Whiſpering.*

Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

Johnſ. In Troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the ſame place?

Bayes. Why? Becauſe it's new; and that's it I aim at. I deſpiſe your *Johnſon* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature; I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smi. But what think you, of Sir *John Suckling*?

Bayes. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smi. Well, Sir, but pray why all this Whiſpering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (beſides that it is new, as I told you before) becauſe they are ſuppoſed to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

Smi. But then, Sir, why ———

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but reſpite your Curioſity till the end of the fifth Act, you'll find it a piece of Patience not ill recompenc'd.

[*Goes to the Door.*

Johnſ. How doſt thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not juſt as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never before this, ſee any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* ſays) ſo fooliſh, but I could give ſome gueſs at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this I confeſs, does go beyond my reach.

Johnſ. It is all alike: Mr. *Wintershall* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou ſhalt not ſee one Scene here worth one Farthing, or like any thing thou canſt imagine has ever been the Practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good Language, it is, as I told thee, very Fantaſtical, moſt abominably dull, and not one word to the purpoſe.

Smi. It does ſurprize me, I'm ſure, very much.

Johnſ. I, but it won't do ſo long: By that time thou haſt ſeen a Play or two, that I'll ſhew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

Smi. Pox on't, but there's no Pleaſure in him: He's too groſs a Fool to be laugh'd at.

Enter Bayes.

Johnſ. I'll ſwear, Mr. *Bayes*, you have done this Scene moſt admirably; tho', I muſt tell you, Sir, it is a very difficult matter to Pen a Whiſper well.

Bayes. I, Gentlemen, when you come to write your ſelves, o' my word, you'll find it ſo.

Johnſ. Have a care of what you ſay, Mr. *Bayes*, for Mr. *Smith* there, I aſſure you, has Written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, ifackins? Why then pray, Sir, how do you do, when you write?

Smi. Faith, Sir, for the moſt part, I am in pretty good Health.

Bayes.

Bayes. I, but I mean, what do you do, when you Write?

Smi. I take Pen, Ink and Paper, and ſit down.

Bayes. Now I write ſtanding; that's one thing: And then another thing is, with what do you prepare your ſelf?

Smi. Prepare my ſelf! what, the Devil, does the Fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, now what I do. If I am to write Familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make uſe of Stew'd Prunes only; but when I have a grand deſign in hand, I ever take Phyſick, and let Blood: For, when you would have pure ſwiftneſs of Thought, and Fiery flights of Fancy, you muſt have a care of the penſive part. In fine, you muſt purge the Belly.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, this is a moſt admirable Receipt, for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my Secret; and, in good earneſt, I think one of the beſt I have.

Smi. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir? I gad, I'm ſure on't: *Experto crede Roberto.* But I muſt give you this caution by the way, be ſure you never take Snuff, when you write.

Smi. Why ſo, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it ſpoil'd me once, I gad, one of the Sparkiſheſt Plays in all *England*. But a Friend of mine at *Greſham College*, has promis'd to help me to ſome Spirit of Brains, and, I gad, that ſhall do my buſineſs.

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. OH, Theſe are now the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their ſtile: 'Twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a ſhift, perhaps, to ſhew you a whole Play, writ all juſt ſo.

1 *King.* Did you obſeve their Whiſpers Brother King?

2 *King.* I did; and heard, beſides, a grave bird ſing,
That they intend, ſweet-heart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now, Familiar, becauſe they are both perſons of the ſame Quality.

Smi. S'death, this would make a man ſpew.

1 *King.* If that deſign appears,
I'll lug them by the Ears
Until I make 'em Crack.

2 *King.* And ſo will I, i'fack.

1 *King.* You muſt begin, *Monſoy.*

2 *King.* Sweet Sir, *Pardonnez moy.*

Bayes. Mark that: I make 'em both ſpeak *French*, to ſhew their breeding.

Johnſ. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 *King.*

2 *King.* Then ſpite of Fate, we'll thus combined ſtand;
And like true Brothers, walk ſtill Hand in Hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*

Johnſ. This is a Majeſtick Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a Cruſt, a laſting Cruſt for your Rogue Criticks, I gad: I would fain ſee the proudeſt of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad: if they do, this ſhall rub their gums for 'em, I promiſe you. It was I, you muſt know, that have Written a whole Play juſt in this very ſame ſtile; it was never Acted yet.

Johnſ. How ſo?

Bayes. I gad, I can hardly tell you, for Laughing (ha, ha, ha) it is ſo pleaſant a Story: Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. What is't?

Bayes. I gad the Players refus'd to Act it. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. That's impoſſible.

Bayes. I gad they did it, Sir, point-blank refus'd it, I gad, ha, ha'ha.

Johnſ. Fie that was Rude.

Bayes. Rude! Ay, I gad, they are the rudeſt, uncivileſt perſons, and all that, in the whole World, I gad: I gad, there's no living with 'em: I have written, Mr. *Johnſon*, I do verily believe, a whole Cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, theſe inſolent Raſcals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johnſ. Strange fellows indeed!

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came theſe two Kings to know of this whiſper? for as I remember, they were not at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine; for the two Kings ſhould (a Pox take 'em) have popp'd both their heads in at the door, juſt as the other went off.

Smi. That, indeed would ha' done it.

Bayes. Done it! Ay, I gad, theſe fellows are able to ſpoil the beſt things in *Chriſtendom*. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnſon*, I vow to gad, I have been ſo highly diſoblig'd by the peremptorineſs of theſe fellows, that I'm reſolv'd hereafter, to bend my thoughts wholly for the ſervice of the *Nurſery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad. So: now Prince *Pretty-man* comes in, and falls a-ſleep, making love to his Miſtreſs, which you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honeſt Gentleman: by a Knight.

SCÆNA III.

Prince in Marriage Pret. A la mode.

* *Enter* Prince Pretty-man.

HOW ſtrange a Captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuſe my Love, or blame my Fate?
My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:
And, againſt Fate, what mortal dares repine?

Enter Cloris.

But here ſhe comes.
Sure 'tis ſome blazing Comet! Is it not?

[*Lies down.*

Bayes.

Bayes. Blazing Comet! Mark that, I gad, very fine!

Pret. But I am ſo ſurpris'd with ſleep, I cannot ſpeak the reſt. [*ſleeps.*

Bayes. Does not that, now, ſurpriſe you, to fall aſleep in the nick? His Spirits exhale with the heat of his Paſſion, and all that, and ſwop falls-a-ſleep, as you ſee. Now, here, ſhe muſt make a *ſimile.*

Smi. Where's the neceſſity of that Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Becauſe ſhe's ſurpris'd. That's a general Rule; you muſt ever make a *ſimile*, when you are ſurpris'd; 'tis a new way of writing.

Cloris. As ſome tall Pine, which we on *Ætna*, find
T'have ſtood the rage of many a boiſt'rous Wind,
Feeling without, that flames within po play,
Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;
He ſpreads his woorſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, ſhrouded up, your bright eye diſappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my tears. [*Exit.*

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, methinks, this *ſimile* wants a little application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to paſſion, to conſuming, to dying, and all that; which, you know, are the natural effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid, this Scene has made you ſad; for, I muſt confeſs, when I writ it, I wept my ſelf.

Smi. No, truly, Sir, my Spirits are almoſt exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall aſleep.

* *Prince* Pretty-man *ſtarts up, and ſays*— **Prince in Marriage A'mode.*

Pret. It is reſolv'd. [*Exit.*

Bayes. That's all.

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be ſo bold as to ask you one Queſtion, now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me any thing; what you pleaſe, I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me if you ſay that, Sir.

Smi. Then pray, Sir, what is that this Prince here has reſolv'd in his ſleep?

Bayes. Why, I muſt confeſs, that queſtion is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you muſt know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* ſecret, till the very laſt Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, (do you mark)—— a ——

Smi. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

Bayes. I do ſo, that's the very plain troth on't; ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themſelves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of buſineſs: pray obſerve it; for I dare ſay you'll think it no unwiſe diſcourſe this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Diſcourſe I over-heard once betwixt two grand, ſober, governing perſons.

SCÆNA IV.

Enter Gentleman-Uſher and Phyſician

Uſh. COme, Sir; let's ſtate the matter of Fact, and lay our heads together.

Phyſ. Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry ſometimes; but when knotty points comes, I lay my head cloſe to it, with a ſnuff-box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do juſt ſo, I gad, always.

Uſh. The grand Queſtion is, Whether they heard us whiſper? Which I divide thus.

Phyſ. Yes, it muſt be divided ſo indeed.

Smi. That's very complaiſant, I ſwear, Mr. *Bayes*, to be of another man's opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none, here, but well-bred perſons, I aſſure you.

Uſh. I divide the Queſtion into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

Johnſ. Moſt admirably divided, I ſwear!

Uſh. As to the when; you ſay, juſt now: So that is anſwer'd. Then, as for what; why, what anſwers it ſelf: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of neceſſity, we come to the laſt Queſtion, *Videlicet*, Whether they heard or no?

Smi. This is a very wiſe Scene, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Ay, you have it right: they are both Politicians.

Uſh. Pray then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that Queſtion.

Phyſ. No you'll anſwer better, pray let me ask it you.

Uſh. Your Will muſt be a Law.

Phyſ. Come then, what is't I muſt ask?

Smi. This Politician, I perceive, Mr. *Bayes*, has ſomewhat a ſhort memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his Pupil.

Uſh. You muſt ask me whether they heard us whiſper.

Phyſ. Well, I do ſo.

Uſh. Say it then.

Smi. Hey day! here's the braveſt work that ever I ſaw.

Johnſ. This is mighty methodical!

Bayes. Ay, Sir; that's the way: 'tis the way of Art; there is no other way, I gad, in buſineſs.

Phyſ. Did they hear us whiſper?

Uſh. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be ſaid upon the word Whiſper: to whiſper, in Latin is *Suſurrare*, which is as much as to ſay, to ſpeak ſoftly; now, if they heard us ſpeak ſoftly, they heard us whiſper: but then comes in the *Quomodo*, the how; How did they hear us whiſper? Why, as to that, there are two ways; the one, by chance or accident, the

the other, on purpoſe; that is, with deſign to hear us whiſper.

Phyſ. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em Phyſick more.

Uſh. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this: for a great deal depends upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

Smi. I ſuppoſe, that's the reaſon why you brought in this Scene, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Partly, it was, Sir; but, I confeſs, I was not unwilling, beſides to ſhew the World a pattern, here, how men ſhould talk of buſineſs.

Johnſ. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think, this will do.

Phyſ. Well, if they heard us whiſper, they'll turn us out, and no body elſe will take us.

Smi. Not for Politicians, I dare anſwer for it.

Phyſ. Let's then no more our ſelves in vain bemoan:
We are not ſafe until we them unthrone.

Uſh. 'Tis right:
And, ſince occaſion now ſeems debonair,
I'll ſeize on this, and you ſhall take that Chair.

{ *They draw their Swords, and ſit in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.*

Bayes. There's now an odd ſurprize; the whole State's turn'd quite topſie-turvy, without any puther or ſtir in the whole World, I gad.

Johnſ. A very ſilent change of Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is ſo. And yet you ſhall ſee me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Uſurpers march out flouriſhing their Swords.*

Enter Shirly.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to ſay. [*Exit.*

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, in my opinion, now, that Gentleman might have ſaid a little more upon this occaſion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all; for I under writ his part, on purpoſe to ſet off the reſt.

Johnſ. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smi. But pray, Sir, how came they to depoſe the Kings ſo eaſily?

Bayes. Why, Sir, you muſt know, they long had a deſign to do it before; but never could put it in Practice till now: and to tell you true, that's one reaſon I made 'em whiſper ſo at firſt.

Smi. O very well, now I'm fully ſatisfi'd.

Bayes And then to ſhew you, Sir, it was not done ſo very eaſily neither; in the next Scene you ſhall ſee ſome fighting.

Smi. O, ho: ſo then you make the ſtruggle to be after the buſineſs is done?

Bayes. Ay.

Smi. O, I conceive you: that I ſwear, is very natural.

SCÆNA V.

* *Enter four Men at one door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.*

**To Ridicule the Dance of the fat Spirits in the Tempeſt, and the Angels Dance in H. 8th when it was firſt Play'd*

1 *Soldier.* STand. Who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A Friend.

1 *Sol.* What Friend?

2 *Sol.* A Friend to the Houſe.

1 *Sol.* Fall on. [*They all kill one another. Muſick ſtrikes.*

Bayes. Hold, hold, [*To the Muſick. It ceaſeth.*

Now here's an odd ſurpriſe: All theſe Dead men you ſhall ſee riſe up preſently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear Dead Men? Remember your Note in *Effaut flat*. Play on. [*To the Muſick.*

Now, now, now. [*The Muſick play his note, and the dead Men riſe; but cannot get in order.*

O Lord! O Lord!

Out, out, out! Did ever Men ſpoil a good thing ſo! no Figure, no Ear, no Time, no Thing? Udzookers, you Dance worſe than the Angels in *Harry* the Eight, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempeſt*, I gad.

1 *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! impoſſible? Why Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a perſon that's a Chriſtian, I ſate up two whole Nights in compoſing this Air, and apting it for the buſineſs: For, if you obſerve, there are two ſeveral Deſigns in this Tune; it begins ſwift, and ends ſlow. You talk of time, and time; you ſhall ſee me do't. Look you now. Here I am Dead. [*Lies down flat on his face.*

Now mark my Note *Effaut flat*. Strike up Muſick.

Now, [*As he riſes up haſtily, he falls down again.*

Ah gadzookers, I have broke my Noſe.

Johnſ. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut*.

Bayes. A Plague of this damn'd Stage, with your Nails, and your Tenter-hooks, that a Gentleman cannot come to teach to Act, but he muſt break his Noſe, and his Face, and the Devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown Paper?

Smi. No indeed, Sir, I don't uſually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'll go get you ſome within preſently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray Dance out the Dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you Dance like Horſe-men.

Smi. Like Horſe-men! what, a plague, can that be? [*Exit Bayes.*

They Dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.

1 *Sol.* A Devil! let's try this no longer: play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with ſo. [*Dance and exeunt.*

Smi. What can this Fool be doing all this while about his Noſe?

Johnſ. Pry'thee let's go ſee.

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Bayes *with a Paper on his Noſe, and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOW, Sirs, this I do, becauſe my Fancy, in this Play, is, to end every Act with a Dance.

Smi. Faith, that Fancy is very good; but I ſhould hardly have broke my Noſe for it, tho.

Johnſ. That Fancy I ſuppoſe is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my Fancies are ſo. I tread upon no Man's heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I aſſure you. Now, here comes in a Scene of ſheer Wit, without any mixture in the whole World, I gad, between Prince Pretty-man and his Taylor: It might properly enough be call'd a prize of Wit; for you ſhall ſee 'em come in upon one another ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, as faſt as can be. Firſt one ſpeaks, then preſently t'others upon him, ſlap, with a Rapertee, then he at him again, daſh with a new Conceit; and ſo eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage. [*Goes to call the Players.*

Smi. What, a plague, does this Fop mean by his ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, and daſh?

Johnſ. Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's Life: What doſt talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Pretty-man *and* Tom Thimble.

This Scene will make you die with Laughing, if it be well Acted, for 'tis as full of Drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an Orange ſtuff'd with Cloves, as for conceit.

Pret. But pry'thee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one Man; And one Woman cannot be ſatisfied with nine Men: What work art thou cutting out here for thy ſelf, trow?

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I ſhan't want Journey-men enough to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, tho', *Tom*, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes. Good ſtill.

Thim. However if my Wife ſits but Croſs-legg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: Not half ſo much as when I truſted you, Sir, for your Coronation-ſuit.

Bayes. Very good, I'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon truſt; it was the faſhion. You would

would not be out of time, at ſuch a time as that, ſure: A Taylor, you know, muſt never be out of Faſhion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm ſure, Sir, I made your Cloaths in the Court-faſhion, for you never me paid yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the Court.

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou art a ſharp Rogue when thou art angry, I ſee: thou pay'ſt me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's pay upon pay! as good as ever was written, I gad!

Thim. I, Sir, in your own coin: you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirable before gad!

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope ſhortly I ſhall have another coin for thee; for now the Wars are coming on, I ſhall grow to be a man of mettal.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johnſ. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. I pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.

Thim. That's the way to be ſtamp'd your ſelf, Sir. I ſhall ſee you come home, like an Angel for the Kings Evil, with a whole bor'd thro' you. *Exeunt.*

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? is not this pure Wit?

Smi. 'Tis ſnip ſnap, Sir, as you ſay; but, methinks, not pleaſant, nor to the purpoſe, for the Play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

Smi. Yes, but the Plot ſtands ſtill.

Bayes. Plot ſtands ſtill? why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smi. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Maſter of. Now Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us ſoar but never ſo little above the common pitch, I gad, all's ſpoil'd; for the vulgar never underſtand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of theſe things.

Johnſ. 'Tis a ſad fate, I muſt confeſs: but you write on ſtill for all that?

Bayes. Write on? I, I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk ſhall ſtop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I, what they ſay? What, are they gone, without ſinging my laſt new ſong? 'Sbud, would it were in their bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnſ*, if I have any skill in theſe matters, I vow to gad, this Song is peremptorily the very beſt that ever yet was writen: you muſt know, it was made by *Tom Thimble*'s firſt wife after ſhe was dead?

Smi. How, Sir, after ſhe was dead?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, after ſhe was dead. Why, what have you to ſay to that?

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Say? Why nothing: he were a Devil that had any thing to ſay to that.

Bayes. Right.

Smi. How did ſhe come to die, pray Sir.

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall: but here's the conceit, that upon his knowing ſhe was killed by an accident, he ſuppoſes, with a Sigh, that ſhe dy'd for love of him.

Johnſ. I, I, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. 'Tis to the Tune of, Farewell, fair *Armida*, on Seas, and in Battels, in Bullets, and all that.

SONG

In Swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis ſafer to be,
Than in a ſtrong Caſtle, remoted from thee:
My deaths bruiſe pray think you gave me, tho' a fall
Did give it me more, from the top of a wall;
For then if the Moat on her Mud would firſt lay,
And after before you my body convey:
The blue on my breaſt when you happen to ſee,
You'll ſay, with a Sigh, there's a true blue for me.

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write theſe things as faſt as hops, I gad; for, you muſt know, I am as pleaſant a Debauchee, as ever you ſaw: I am I faith.

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this Song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occaſion for it.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing; you muſt, ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghoſts, and Dances, if you mean to —— a ——

Johnſ. Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. I gad, and you have nick'd it. Hark you, Mr. *Johnſon*, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

Johnſ. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnſon*, I faith this muſt not be ſaid, amongſt us that have it. I know you have wit by the Judgment you make of this Play; for that's the meaſure I go by: my Play is my Touchſtone. When a man tells me ſuch a one is a perſon of parts; Is he ſo, ſay I? what do I do, but bring him preſently to ſee this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your moſt humble Servant, Sir; I'll no more of him upon my word. I thank you. I am *Claravoyant*, I gad. Now here we go on to our buſineſs.

SCÆNA II.

* *Enter the two Uſurpers, hand in hand.*

**The two Kings in Granada.*

Uſh. BUt what's become of *Volſcius* the great?
His preſence has not grac'd our Court of late.

Phyſ. I fear ſome ill, from emulation ſprung,
Has from us that Illuſtrious *Hero* wrung.

Bayes. Is not that Majeſtical?

Smi. Yes, but who a Devil is this *Volſcius*?

Bayes. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope*.

Smi. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

Cor. My Lieges, News from *Volſcius* the Prince.

Uſh. His news is welcome, whatſoe'er it be.

Smi. How, Sir, do you mean wether it be good or bad.

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godzookers, you'll ſpoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to anſwer every impertinent queſtion you ask.

Smi. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Cor. His Highneſs, Sirs, Commanded me to tell you,
That the fair perſon whom you both do know,
Deſpairing of forgiveneſs for her fault,
In a deep ſorrow, twice ſhe did attempt
Upon her precious life; but by the care
Of ſtanders by prevented was.

Smi. 'Sheart, what ſtuff's here?

Cor. At laſt,
Volſcius the Great this dire reſolv'd embrac'd:
His Servants he into the Country ſent,
And he himſelf to *Peccadilla* went,
Where he's inform'd, by Letters that ſhe's dead.

Uſh. Dead! is that poſſible? Dead!

Phyſ. O ye Gods!

Bayes. There's a ſmart expreſſion of a paſſion; O ye Gods! That's one of my bold ſtrokes, I gad.

Smi. Yes; who is the fair perſon that's dead?

Bayes. That you ſhall know anon, Sir.

Smi. Nay; if we know at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that ſhe's not dead neither.

Smi. Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that with all my Heart.

Bayes. Now here's the Man brought in that is ſuppos'd to have kill'd her. [*A great ſhout within.*

SCÆNA

SCÆNA III.

Enter Amarillis *with a Book in her hand, and Attendants.*

Ama. WHat ſhout triumphant's that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Shie Maid, upon the River brink, near *Tw ic'nam*-Town, the falſe Aſſaſſinate is tane.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance. I hope,
It's ſlow beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

Bayes. Piſh there you are out; to all future end? No, no; to all future End: you muſt lay the accent upon end, or elſe you loſe the conceit.

Smi. I ſee you are very perfect in theſe matters.

Bayes. I, Sir, I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know ſomething.

Enter Soldiers dragging in an old Fiſher-man.

Ama. Villain, what Monſter did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the nobleſt Soul of humane kind;
Tell me who ſet thee on.

Fiſh. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fiſh. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill Prince *Pretty-man?*

Fiſh. No: Prince *Volſcius.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fiſh. Prince *Volſcius.*

Ama. What, did Prince *Volſcius* hire you to kill Prince *Volſcius?*

Fiſh. No, Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. So, drag him hence,
Till torture of the Rack produce his Senſe. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Mark how I make the horrour of his guilt confound his intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: and that's the deſign of this Scene.

Smi. I ſee, Sir, you have a ſeveral deſign for every Scene.

Bayes. I that's my way of Writing; and ſo, Sir, I can diſpatch you a whole Play, before another man, I gad, can make an end of his Plot.

SCENA IV.

SO now enter Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man*? why when, I ſay? O fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Pretty-man.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir, now you may go out again, if you pleaſe. I vow to gad, Mr. —— a —— I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, Sir?

Bayes. What, Sir! 'Slife, Sir, you ſhould have come out in choler,

rous upon the Stage, juſt as the other went off. Muſt a man be eternally telling you of theſe things?

Johnſ. Sure this muſt be ſome very notable matter that he's ſo angry at.

Smi. I am not of your opinion.

Bayes. Piſh! Come let's hear your part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my Father; why d'ye keep him from me?
Altho a Fiſherman, he is my Father:
Was ever Son, yet brought to this diſtreſs,
To be, for being a Son, made fatherleſs?
Ah, you juſt Gods, rob me not of a Father:
The being of a Son take from me rather.

Smi. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

Johnſ. A Devil this is worſt of all. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what's the meaning of this Scene?

Bayes. O, cry you mercy, Sir: I proteſt I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fiſher-man.

Smi. How, Sir, taken Priſoner?

Bayes. Taken Priſoner! O Lord, what a queſtion's there! did ever any man ask ſuch a queſtion? Godzookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd queſtion. What was I going to ſay?

Johnſ. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me ſee; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to ſay, his Highneſs here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fiſher-man and brought up as his Child.

Smi. Indeed!

Bayes. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And ſo, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-ſide, the Fiſher-man, upon ſuſpicion, was ſeiz'd, and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

Smi. So, ſo; now 'tis very plain.

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this ſome diſparagement to a Prince, to paſs for a Fiſher-mans Son? Have a care of that I pray.

Bayes. No, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I ſhall fetch him off again, preſently, you ſhall ſee.

Enter Pretty-man *and* Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods, I'll ſet the World on Fire,
Rather then let 'em raviſh hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo you now; there he's off again.

Johnſ. Admirably done i'faith.

Bayes. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this darkneſs can evince?
Some times a Fiſhers Son, ſometimes a Prince.
It is a ſecret, great as is the World;
In which, I, like the Soul, am toſs'd and hurl'd.

The blackest Ink of Fate, sure was my Lot,
And when she writ my name, she made a blot. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a blustering Verse for you now.

Smi. Yes, Sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a Fisher-mans, son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his son, but for fear he should be thought to be no bodies son at all.

Smi. Nay, that would trouble a man, indeed.

Bayes. So, let me see.

SCÆNA V.

Enter Prince Volscius, *going out of Town.*

Smith. I Thought he had been gone to *Peccadille.*

Bayes. Yes he gave it out so; but that was only to cover his design.

Johns. What design?

Bayes. Why, to head the Army, that lies concealed for him at *Knights-bridge.*

Johns. I see here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a World of more business anon.

Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amarillis, *and* Harry *with a Riding Cloak and Boots.*

Ama. Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at least
Have held the Honour of your Company.

Bayes. Held the Honour of your Company; prettily expresst, Held the Honour of your Company! Godzookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johns. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extreamly: I don't know what he does.

Bayes. I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
That you will here, with poor us, still remain.
Before your Horses come, pronounce our fate,
For then, alas! I fear, 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Volsc. *Harry*, my Boots; for I'll go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge*?

Bayes. In *Knights-bridge*? stay.

Johns. No, not if Inn-keepers be his Friends.

Bayes. His Friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else in-

deed, I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, ſo it might be very eaſie.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things eaſie, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he's going out of Town; but you ſhall ſee how prettily I have contriv'd to ſtop him, preſently.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, you have ſo amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Volſ. Bleſs me! how frail are all my beſt reſolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpoſe chang'd!
Too ſoon I thought my ſelf ſecure from Love.
Fair, Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does ſo gently rob me of my Fame?
For I ſhould meet the Army out of Town,
And, if I fail, muſt hazard my Renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, ſells Ale by the Town-walls,
And me, her dear *Parthenope* ſhe calls.

Bayes. Now that's the *Parthenope*, I told you of.

Johnſ. I, I, I gad you are very right.

Volſ. Can vulgar veſtments high born beauty ſhroud?
Thou bring'ſt the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Bayes. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A gadzookers, what a Conceit is there!

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [*Exit.*

Volſ. O inauſpicious Stars! that I was born
To ſudden love, and to more ſudden ſcorn!

Ama. } How! Prince *Volſcius* in love? Ha, ha, ha.
Clo. }

[*Exeunt laughing.*

Smi. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have loſt ſome jeſt here, that they laugh at ſo.

Bayes. Why, did you not obſerve? He firſt reſolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots, falls in love with her, ha, ha, ha.

Smi. Well, and where lies the jeſt of that?

Bayes. Ha! [*Turns to* Johnſ.

Johnſ. Why; In the Boots: where ſhould the jeſt lie?

Bayes. I gad, you are in the right: it does. [*Turns to* Smith. Lie in the Boots—Your Friend, and I know where a good jeſt lies, tho' you don't, Sir.

Smi. Much good de't you, Sir.

Bayes. Here, now, Mr. *Johnſon*; you ſhall ſee a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have diſpatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volſcius *ſits down to pull on his Boots:* Bayes *ſtands by, and over-acts the Part as he ſpeaks it.*

Volſ. How has my paſſion made a *Cupid*'s ſcoff?
This haſty Boot is on, the other off,
And ſullen lies, with amourous deſign

To

To quit loud Fame, and make that Beauty mine.

Smi. Pr'ythee mark what pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to Act this Speech himſelf!

Johnſ. Yes, the Fool, I ſee, is mightily tranſported with it.

Volſ. My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what ſad diſtraction I am brought.
Sometimes with ſtuborn Honour, like this Boot,
My mind is guarded, and reſolv'd to do't:
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
Diſarm'd, like this other Leg does prove.
Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
Go on cries Honour; tender Love ſays, nay:
Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on;
But ſofter Love does whiſper, put on none.
What ſhall I do? what conduct ſhall I find
To lead me thro' this twi-light of my mind?
For as bright Day with black approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzling light?
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me ſo, I can reſolve for neither.

[*Goes out hopping with one Boot on, and the other off.*

Johnſ. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I ſaw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither ſide.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now, I gad, ha? For to go off hip hop, hip hop upon this occaſion, is a thouſand times better than any concluſion in the World, I gad.

Johnſ. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, that hip hop, in this place as you ſay, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all, Sir; they are theſe little things that mar, or ſet you off a Play: as I remember once, in a Play of mine, I ſet off a Scene, I gad, beyond epectation, only with a Petticoat, and the Bely-ake.

Smi. Pray, how was that, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in upon a Chair, (no body knew how) into a Prince's Chamber, whoſe Father was not to ſee it, that came in by chance.

Johnſ. God's my life, that was a notable Contrivance indeed.

Smi. I but, Mr. *Bayes*, How could you contrive the Belly-ake?

Bayes. The eaſieſt i'th' World, I gad: I'll tell you how, I made the Prince ſit down upon the Petticoat, no more than ſo, and pretend to his Father that he had juſt then got the Belly-ake: whereupon, his Father went out to call a Phyſician, and his man run away with the Petticoat.

The Aſſignation by Bayes Act 4. Scene 1st

Smi. Well, and what follow'd upon that?

Bayes. Nothing, no Earthly thing, I Vow to gad.

Johnſ O' my word, Mr. *Bayes*, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes It gave a World of Content. And then I paid 'em away beſides; for it made 'em all talk baudry; ha, ha, ha, Beaſtly, downright

right baudry upon the Stage, I gad; ha, ha, ha; but with an infinite deal of wit, that I muſt ſay.

Johnſ. That, I, that, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No, I gad, can't it. Come bring in the dance.

[*Exit to call the Players.*

Smi. Now, the Devil take thee for a ſilly, confident, unnatural, fulſome Rogue.

Enter Bayes *and* Players.

Bayes. Pray Dance well before theſe Gentlemen: You are commonly ſo lazie; but you ſhould be light and eaſie, tah, tah, tah.

All the while they Dance, Bayes *puts 'em out with teaching 'em.*

Well, Gentlemen, you'll ſee this Dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Smi. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am ſure you ſweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it coſts me more pains and trouble to do theſe things, than almoſt the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think ſo, Sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themſelves; for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but I gad, theſe Players are ſuch dull perſons, that, if a Man be not by 'em upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'll miſtake you, Sir, and ſpoil all.

Enter a Player.

What? is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis juſt now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it my ſelf.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A match. But Mr. *Johnſon*, I gad, I am not like other Perſons, they care not what becomes of their things, ſo they can but get money for 'em; now, I gad, when I write, if it be not juſt as it ſhould be in every circumſtance, to every particular, I gad; I am no more able to endure it, I am not my ſelf, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the ſtrangeſt perſon in the whole World: For what care I for money? I write for Reputation.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACTUS

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, *and two Gentlemen*

Bayes. GEntlemen, becauſe I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the laſt Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reaſon for it, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. No, Sir, I have a Precedent for it beſides A perſon of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral juſt ſo: And he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any man in *England*, I gad.

Johnſ. Nay, if that be ſo, you are ſafe.

Bayes. I gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for in my heroick Plays, I make no difference as to thoſe matters) but for another contrivance.

Smi. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have Deſign'd a Conqueſt, that cannot poſſibly, I gad be acted in leſs than a whole week: And I'll ſpeak a bold Word, it ſhall Drum, Trumpet, Shout, and Battle, I gad, with any the moſt warlike Tragedy we have, either ancient, or modern.

Johnſ. I, marry, Sir, there you ſay ſomething.

Smi. And, pray Sir, how have you order'd this ſame frolick of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For Example: They divided their things into three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, or as many Tomes as they pleaſe: Now, I would very fain know what ſhould hinder me, from doing the ſame with my things, if I pleaſe?

Johnſ. Nay, if you ſhould not be a maſter of your own works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my ſenſe. And then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has ſomething of the reaſon of a Play in it too; for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play, what do I, but make five Plays to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

Johnſ. Moſt admirably good, i'faith! and muſt certainly take, becauſe it is not tedious.

Bayes. I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a cloſe of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Munday*) I make you, Sir, a ſixth Play, that ſums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they ſhould have forgot it.

Johnſ. That conſideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed, I think will be very neceſſary.

Smi. And when comes in your ſhare, pray, Sir?

Bayes. The Third Week.

Johnſ. I'll vow you'll get a world of Money.

Bayes.

Bayes. Why 'faith, a man muſt live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon ſome new device, I gad, you'll never do't; for this Age (take it o' my word) is ſomewhat hard to pleaſe. But there's one pretty odd paſſage in the laſt of theſe Plays, which may be executed two ſeveral ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

Johnſ. What is't, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a Male Perſon to be in Love with a Female.

Smi. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You ſhall hear. He having paſſionately lov'd her through my Five whole Plays, finding at laſt, that ſhe conſents to his Love, juſt after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghoſt, he kills himſelf. That's one way. The other is, that ſhe coming at laſt to love him, with as violent a Paſſion as he lov'd her, ſhe kills herſelf. Now my Queſtion is, which of theſe two Perſons ſhould ſuffer upon this occaſion?

Johnſ. By my troth, it is a very hard Caſe to decide.

Bayes. The hardeſt in the World, I gad, and has puzled this Pate very much. What ſay you, Mr. *Smith*?

Smi. Why truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might ſtand with your Juſtice now, I would ſpare 'em both.

Bayes. I gad, and I think — ha — why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing herſelf. Ay, it ſhall be ſo: Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Uſurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there; no, no, here, Sir. So now ſpeak.

K. Uſh. Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief
Receive, from its embraces, ſome relief.

K. Phyſ. Was't not unjuſt to raviſh hence her breath,
And, in Life's ſtead, to leave us nought but Death?
The World diſcovers now its emptineſs,
And, by her loſs, demonſtrates we have leſs.

Bayes. Is not this good Language now? Is not that elevate? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I gad. You muſt know they were both in love with her.

Smi. With her: with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is *Lardella*'s Funeral.

Smi. Lardella! I, who is ſhe?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Siſter of *Drawcanſir*. A Lady that was drown'd at Sea, and had a Wave for her Winding-ſheet.

K. Uſh. Lardella, O *Lardella*, from above,
Behold the Tragick iſſues of our Love.
Pity us, ſinking under grief and pain,
For thy being caſt away upon the Main.

Bayes. Look you now, you ſee I told you true.

Smi. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience; honeſt M — a — you will not have patience.

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcanſir*?

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Miſtreſs, ſhubbs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to Numbers, good Manners, or Juſtice.

Johnſ. A very pretty Character.

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great Humanity and Juſtice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been ſo; but for my part, I prefer that one quality of ſingly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral Virtues put together, I gad. You ſhall ſee him come in preſently. Zookers, why don't you read the Paper?

[*To the Players.*

K. Phyſ. O, cry you mercy. [*Goes to take the Paper.*

Bayes. Piſh! Nay you are ſuch a Fumbler. Come I'll Read it my ſelf.

[*Takes a Paper from off the Coffin.*

Stay, it's an ill hand, I muſt uſe my Spectacles. This, now, is a Copy of Verſes, which I make *Lardella* compoſe, juſt as ſhe is dying, with deſign to have it pinn'd upon her Coffin, and ſo read by one of the Uſurpers, who is her Couſin.

Smi. A very ſhrewd deſign that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And what do you think now, I fancy her to make Love like, here, in the paper?

Smi. Like a Woman: what ſhould ſhe make Love like?

Bayes. O my word you are out tho, Sir; I gad you are.

Smi. What then? like a Man?

Bayes. No, Sir; like a Humble-Bee.

Smi. I confeſs, that I ſhould not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be ſo, Sir, but it is tho, in order to the opinion of ſome of your ancient Philoſophers, who held the Tranſmigration of the Soul.

Smi. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the Title. *To my dear Couz, King* Phyſ.

Smi. That's a little too familiar with a King, tho, Sir, by your favour, for a Humble-Bee.

Bayes. Mr. *Smith*, in other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to ſay, I underſtand that better: it has been longer my Practice; it has, indeed, Sir.

Smi. Your Servant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it. [*Reads.*

Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come a Humble-Bee to your chaſte love.
With ſilent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or elſe, before you, in the Sun-beams, buz.
And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
An Airy Ghoſt, you'll know me by my Hum;
For ſound, being Air, a Ghoſt does well become.

Smi. (*After a pauſe*) Admirable!

Bayes. At night, into your boſom I will creep,

And buz but softly if you chance to sleep,
Yet in your Dreams, I'll pass sweeping by,
And then both Hum and Buz before your eye.

Johns. By my troth that's a very great promise.

Smi. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

Bayes. Your Bed of Love from dangers I will free;
But most from Love of any future Bee.
And when with pity your heart-strings shall crack,
With empty Arms I'll bear you on my back.

Smi. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? Is it not *tuant*? Here's the end.

Then at your birth of Immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,
And teach you your first fluttering in the Sky.

Johns. O rare! This is the most natural, refin'd fancy that ever I heard, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good enough way of making Love: For being divested of her Terrestial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come, draw your Swords.

K. Phys. Come Sword, come sheath thy self within this Breast,
Which only in *Lardella's* Tomb can Rest.

K. Usb. Come, Dagger come, and penetrate this Heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallas's* commands:
For the supposed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella Lives, I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could die.
Such Cœlestial Constancy
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be:
And from these Funeral Obsequies
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.

Bayes. So, take away the Coffin. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair person which *Volscius* sent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you see, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

Smi. Well, but where is the Banquet?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a dance, for joy that *Lardella* is not dead. Pray, Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at least.

Smi. That, indeed, I had forgot: I ask your pardon.

Bayes

Bayes. O, d'ye so, Sir? I am glad you will confess your self once in an Error, Mr. *Smith.*

Dance.

K. Ush. Resplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And since to thee *Lardella*'s life we owe,
We'll supple Statutes in thy Temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive *Lardella*'s found,
Let in full Bowls, her Health go round.

[*The two Usurpers take each of them a Bowl in their Hands.*

K. Ush. But where's the Wine?

Pal. That shall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the purest Wine of *Iberia*; } *Fills the Bowls out of her*
And to appease your hunger, } *Lance.*
Have, in my Helmet brought a Pye:
Lastly, to bear a part with these.
Behold a Bucklen made of Cheese. [*Vanish* Pallas.

Bayes. There's the Banquet. Are you satisfy'd now, Sir?

Johns. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you. For the chief Art in Poetry, is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

Enter Drawcansir.

K. Phys. What Man is this, that dares disturb our Feast?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johns. That is, Mr. *Bayes*, as much as to say, that tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the conceit on't.

Johns. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

Bayes. Now there are some Criticks that have advis'd me to put out the second *Dare*, and Print *Must* in the place on't; but, I gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

Johns. Whoo! a thousand times.

Bayes. Go on then.

K. Ush. Sir if you please, we should be glad to know,
How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go?

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred Person, I gad? So modest, so gent!

Smi. O very like.

Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay;
But you shall know I'll take your Bowls away.

{ *Snatches the Bowls out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.*

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modest and gent?

Johnſ. No, I gad, Sir, but 'tis great.

K. Uſh. Tho', Brother, this grum ſtranger be a Clown,
He'll leave us, ſure, a little to gulp down.

Draw. Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll ſtare away his very pow'r to drink.

The two Kings ſneak off the Stage with their Attendants.

I drink, I huff, I ſtrut, look big, and ſtare;
And all this I can do, becauſe I dare. [*Exit.*

Smi. I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you ſpoke of?

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: You ſhall ſee him in the laſt Act, win above a dozen Battels, one after another, I gad, as faſt they can poſſible come upon the Stage.

Johnſ. That will be a ſight worth the ſeeing, indeed.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him uſe 'em ſo ſcurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that is to raiſe the Character of *Drawcanſir*.

Johnſ. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sirs, I'll ſhew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroic Scene.

Smi. And pray, Sir, what's your deſign in this Scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my deſign is guilded Truncheons, forc'd conceit, ſmooth Verſe, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene do not take, I gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in Mr. — a — nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I muſt deſire you to remove a little, for I muſt fill the Stage.

Smi. Why fill the Stage?

Bayes. O, Sir, becauſe your Heroick Verſe never ſounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCÆNA II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man, *and Prince* Volſcius.

NAy, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is ſomewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out, becauſe they are not in love with the ſame Woman.

Smi. Not in love? you mean, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they are in love Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. No, Sir; I ſay not in love: there's a new conceit for you. Now ſpeak.

Pret.

Pret. Since Fate, Prince *Volſcius*, now has found the way
For our ſo long'd for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.
Volſ. I gladly would that ſtory from thee learn.
But thou to love does, *Pretty man*, incline:
Yet love in thy breaſt, is not love in mine.
Bayes. *Antitheſis!* Thine and mine.
Pret. Since love it ſelf's the ſame, why ſhould it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?
Bayes. Reaſoning! I gad, I love reaſoning in Verſe.
Volſ. Love takes *Camelion*-like, a various dye
From every Plant on which it ſelf does lie.
Bayes. *Simile?*
Pret. Let not thy love the courſe of Nature Fright:
Nature does moſt in Harmony delight.
Volſ. How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove,
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?
Bayes. There's a great Verſe!
Volſ. If Incenſe thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Roſie-lips eternal ſweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames elſe look pale.
Bayes. I gad that is right.
Pret. Perhaps dull Incenſe may thy love ſuffice;
But mine muſt be ador'd with Sacrifice.
All hearts turn aſhes, which her Eyes controul:
The Body they conſume as well as Soul.
Volſ. My love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amidſt the flames they ne'er give up the Ghoſt,
But, with her looks, revive ſtill as they roaſt.
In ſpite of pain and death, they're kept alive:
Her fiery eyes make 'em in fire ſurvive.
Bayes. That is as well, I gad, as I can do.
Volſ. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.
Bayes. Civil, I gad.
Pret. I'll ſooner have a Paſſion for a Whale:
In whoſe vaſt bulk, tho' ſtore of Oyl doth lie,
We find more ſhape, more beauty in a Fly.
Smi. That's uncivil, I gad.
Bayes. Yes; but as far a fetch'd Fancy, tho', I gad, as e'er you ſaw.
Volſ. Soft, *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect Love, defame Love's excellence.
Parthenope is ſure, as far above
All other Loves, as above all is Love.
Bayes. Ah! I gad, that ſtrikes me.

Pret. To blame my Cloris, Gods would not pretend,
Bayes. Now Mark.
Volf. Were all Gods joyn'd, they could not hope to mend
My better choice, for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would themselves, un-god themselves to see.
Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming.
Pret. Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that God subscribe himself a Devil.
Bayes. Ah, Godzookers, that's well writ! [*Scratching his head, his Peruke fall off.*
Volf. Could'st thou that God from Heavn to Earth translate,
He could not fear to want a heav'nly State;
Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.
Pret. *Cloris* does Heav'n it self so far excel,
She can transcend the Joys of Heav'n in Hell.
Bayes. Thers's a bold flight for you now! (S'death, I have lost my Peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that I never yet saw any one could write but my self. Here's true Spirit and Flame all through, I gad. So, so; pray clear the Stage. [*He puts them off the Stage.*
Johns. I wonder how the Coxcomb has got the Knack of writing smooth Verse thus.
Smi. Why there's no need of Brain for this: 'tis but scanning the Labours on the Finger; but where's the Sense of it?
Johns. O, for that, he desires to be excus'd: he is too proud a man to creep servilly after Sense, I assure you. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why is this Scene all in Verse?
Bayes. O, Sir, the Subject is too great for Prose.
Smi. Well said, I faith; I'll give thee a Pot of Ale for that Answer; 'tis well worth it.
Bayes. Come, with all my heart.
I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil.
That single Line, I gad, is worth all that my Brother Poets ever writ.
Let down the Curtain. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, *and the Two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest Scene that ever *England* saw: I mean not, for Words, for those I don't value; but for State, Shew, and Magnificence. In fine I'll justifie it to be as grand to the Eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eight, and grander too, I gad; for instead of

Two

Two Bishops, I bring in here Four Cardinals.

The Curtain is drawn up, the two Usurping Kings appear in State, with the Four Cardinals, Prince Pretty-man, *Prince* Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, *&c. before them, Heralds, and Serjeants at Arms, with Maces.*

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the Reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, because ——— By gad I won't tell you. Your Country-Friend, Sir, grows so troublesome.

K. Ush. Now, Sir, to the Business of the Day.

K. Phys. Speak *Volscius.*

Volsc. Dread Soveraign Lords, my Zeal to you, must not invade my Duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* first do speak; whose high preheminence, in all things that do bear the Name of good, may justly claim that priviledge.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold; you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

Johns. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholding to you for that Discovery.

Pret. Royal Father upon my knees I beg,
That the Illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

Volsc. That Preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns ——— [*Soft Musick.*

K. Ush. But stay, what Sound is this invades our Ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far
A God like Cloud, and a triumphant Carr.
In which, our two right Kings sit one by one,
With Virgins Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

K. Ush. Then, Brother *Phys*, 'tis time we should be gone.

[*The Two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.*

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you, that this would be as easie a change as the other?

Smi. Yes, faith, you did so; tho' I confess, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

The Two right Kings of Brentford *descend in the Clouds, singing, in white Garments; and Three Fidlers sitting before them, in Green.*

Bayes. Now, because the Two right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* Haste, Brother King, we are sent from above.

2 *King.* Let us move, let us move;
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentford*'s long united State.

1 *King.* Tarra, tan, tarra, full East and by South.

2 *King.* We sail with Thunder in our mouth,
In scorching Noon day, whilst the Traveller stays;
Busie, busie, busie, busie, we bustle along. Mounted

Mounted upon warm *Phebus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly Throng,
Hasting to those
Who will feast us at night, with a Pigg's Petty Toes.

1 *King.* And we'll fall with our Plate
In an *Olio* of hate.

2 *King.* But now Supper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Soldiers, to storm a whole half moon-Pye.

1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot Custards in Spoons,
But alas, I must leave these Half-Moons,
And repair to my trusty Dragoons.

1 *King.* O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;
The Tide, like a Friend, has brought Ships in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play:
Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll snug in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,
We'll firk in our shell,
And farewell.

1 *King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to dance.
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France*.

Bayes. Is not that pretty now? the Fidlers are all in green.

Smi. I, but they play no Coranto.

Johns. No, but they play a Tune that's a great deal better.

Bayes No Coranto, quoth-a! That's a good one, with all my heart. Come, sing on:

2 *King.* Now Mortals that Hear
How we Tilt and Career,
With wonder will fear
The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfill what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King.* So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brentford* King
To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring,
That e'er a Full-Pot of good Ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holloe.

[Bayes *fillips his finger, and sings after 'em.*

Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holloe. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

Johns. I, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: For thus it is more compendious, and does the thing every wit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

Smi. Well; but, methinks the Sense of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain? Why did you ever hear any People in the Clouds speak plain? they must be all for flight of Fancy, at its full range, without the

the leaſt check or controul upon it. When once you tye up Sprits and people in Clouds to ſpeak plain, you ſpoil all.

Smi. Bleſs me, what a Monſter's this!

[*The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and ſtep into the Throne.*

1 *King.* Come, now to ſerious counſel we'll advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but firſt, let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright*. But firſt, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be ſure you do it always juſt ſo: for it muſt be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But firſt let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can hold no longer, I muſt gag this Rogue; there's no enduring of him.

Johnſ. No pr'y thee make uſe of thy patience a little longer: let's ſee the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; but ſince deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

1 *King.* What ſaucy Groom moleſts our privacies?

1 *Her.* The Army's at the door, and in diſguiſe,
Deſires a word with both your Majeſties.

2 *Her.* Having from *Knights-Bridge* hither march'd by ſtealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

Smi. How, Mr. *Bayes?* the Army in Diſguiſe?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the Uſurpers might diſcover them that went out but juſt now.

Smi. Why, what if they had diſcover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the Deſign.

1 *King.* Here, take five Guineas for thoſe warlike Men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the Sum juſt Ten.

1 *Her.* We have not ſeen ſo much the Lord knows when.

[*Exeunt Heralds.*

1 *King.* Speak on, brave *Amarillis*.

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns, blame not my modeſty,
If at this grand Conjuncture——

[*Drum beats behind the Stage.*

1 *King.* What dreadful noiſe is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.

Sold. Haſt hence, Great Sirs, your Royal Perſons ſave,
For the Event of War no Mortal knows:
The Army, wrangling for the Gold you gave,
Firſt fell to Words, and then to Handy-blows. [*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stanza, and a handſome come off?

2 *King.* O dangerous eſtate of Soveraign power!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.
1 *King.* Let us for ſhelter in our Cabinet ſtay:
Perhaps theſe threat'ning ſtorms may paſs away.
[*Exeunt.*

Johnſ. But Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promiſe us juſt now, to make *Amarillis* ſpeak very well.

Bayes. Ay, and ſo ſhe would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smi. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, the Plot lay ſo, that I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smi. Marry that was hard.

Johnſ. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

Bayes. Why, the Battel, Sir, that's juſt coming in at the door: And I'll tell you now a ſtrange thing, tho' I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'll give you both a whole week to gueſs how I'll repreſent this Battel.

Smi. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, I aſſure you Sir.

Bayes. Whoo! there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew preſently where I ſhould have you. Why, pray Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battel before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

Johnſ. No faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right; on the other ſide, to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is it but dull prolixity?

Johnſ. Excellently reaſon'd by my troth?

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both thoſe Indicorums, I ſum up my whole Battel in the repreſentation of two perſons only, no more: and yet ſo lively, that, I vow to gad, you would ſwear ten thouſand men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Smi. Yes, Sir; but I think I ſhould hardly ſwear tho' for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, but you would tho', when you ſee it: for I make 'em both come out in Armour *Cap-a-pee*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a Scarlet Ribbon at their wriſt, (which you know, repreſents fighting enough.)

Johnſ. I, I; ſo much, that, if I were in your place, I would make 'em go out again without ever ſpeaking one word.

Bayes. No; there you are out; for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his hand.

Smi. How, Sir? inſtead of a Buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! inſtead of a Buckler? Pray Sir do you ask no more Queſtions. I make 'em, Sir play the Battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceit. Juſt at the very ſame inſtant that one ſings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himſelf in a Warlike poſture: ſo that you have at once your ear entertain'd with Muſick and good Language; and your eye ſatisfied with the Garb and Accoutrements of War.

Smi.

Smi. I confeſs, Sir, you ſtupifie me.

Bayes. You ſhall ſee.

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting? for I love thoſe Plays, where they cut and ſlaſh one another upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

Bayes. Why, then to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you ſhall have my *Recitativo* firſt.

Johnſ. I, now you are right: there is nothing then can be objected againſt it.

Bayes. True: and ſo, I gad, I'll make it too, a Tragedy, in a trice.

Enter, at ſeveral doors, the General, and Lieutenant-General, arm'd Cap-a-pe, *with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his Sword drawn, and hung with a Scarlet Ribbon at his wriſt.*

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou lyeſt.

Gen. Arm, arm, *Genſalvo*, arm; what, ho?
The lye no Fleſh can brook I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from *Acton*, with the Muſqueteers.

Gen. Draw down the *Chelſey* Curiaſiers.

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boaſt of *Chelſey* Curiaſiers
Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

Gen. Chiſwickians, aged, and renown'd in fight,
Join with the *Hammerſmith* Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'l find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,
Unleſs by *Fulham* numbers over-laid

Gen. Let the left-wing of *Twick'nam* Foot advance,
And line that Eaſtern hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The Horſe I rais'd in *Petty-France*,
Shall try their chance,
And ſcour the Meadows, overgrown with Sedge.

Gen. Stand: give the word.

Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.

Gen. That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let thoſe recreant Troops perceive mine ire.

Gen Purſue, purſue; they fly
That firſt did give the lye. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. This, now, is not improper, I think; becauſe the ſpectators know all theſe Towns, and may eaſily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

Johnſ. Moſt exceeding well Deſign'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a ſtop to this Battel?

Smi How?

Bayes. By an Eclipſe: Which, let me tell you, is a kind of Fancy that was yet never ſo much as thought of but by my ſelf, and one perſon

more, that ſhall be nameleſs.

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night darkneſs does invade the day,
And ſnatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey?
Is the Sun weary of his bloody fight,
And winks upon us with the eye of light?
'Tis an Eclipſe. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me and the Sun ſo ſoon.
Fooliſh Eclipſe: thou this in vain haſt done;
My brighter honour had Eclipſ'd the Sun:
But now behold Eclipſes two in one. [*Exit.*

Johnſ. This is an admirable repreſentation of a Battel, as ever I ſaw.

Bayes. I, Sir. But How would you fancy to repreſent an Eclipſe?

Smi. Why, that's to be ſuppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your ſuppoſe: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well ſuppoſe the whole Play. No, it muſt come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in ſome odd way, that may delight, amuſe, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I am ſure is new, and, I believe to the purpoſe.

Johnſ. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the firſt hint of this out of a Dialouge betwcen *Phœbus* and *Aurora* in the *Slighted-Maid*: which by my troth, was very pretty; but I think, you'll confeſs this is a little better.

Johnſ. No doubt on't, Mr. *Bayes*, A great deal better.

[Bayes *hugs* Johnſon, *then turns to* Smith.

Bayes. Ah dear Rogue! But——a——Sir, you have heard, I ſuppoſe that your Eclipſe of the Moon, is nothing elſe, but an interpoſition of the Earth between the Sun and Moon: as likewiſe your Eclipſe of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth, and the Sun?

Smi. I have heard ſome ſuch thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, then what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: Hum; And of neceſſity, by the very nature of this dance, the Earth muſt be ſometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun: and there you have both your Eclipſes, by demonſtration.

Johnſ. That muſt needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes. Yes it has fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be ſomething in't too of Joque, I bring 'em in all ſinging, and make the Moon ſell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipſe to the Tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter Luna.

Luna. Orbis, O, *Orbis*.
Come to me, thou little Rogue, *Orbis*.

Enter,

Enter the Earth.

Orb. Who calls *Terra firma*, pray?
Luna. *Luna*, that ne'er ſhines by day.
Orb. What means *Luna* in a Veil?
Luna. *Luna* means to ſhew her Tail.
Bayes. There's the Bargain.

Enter Sol, *to the Tune of* Robin Hood.

Sol. Fie, Siſter, fie; thou mak'ſt me muſe,
Derry, derry, down,
To ſee the *Orb* abuſe.
Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I ſhew'd it out of Love.
Hey down derry down.
Orb. Where ſhall I thy true Love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?
Luna. To morrow ſoon, ere it be noon,
On Mount *Veſuvio.* [*Bis.*
Sol. Then I will ſhine [*To the Tune of* Trenchmore.
Orb. And I will be fine.
Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippary Wine.
Omnes. And We, &c.

[*As they dance the Hey*, Bayes *ſpeaks.*

Bayes. Now the Earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun: there's the Eclipſe again.
Smi. He's mightily taken with this I ſee.
Johnſ. I, 'tis ſo extraordinary, how can he chooſe?
Bayes. So, now, vaniſh Eclipſe, and enter t'other Battel, and fight, Here now, if I am not miſtaken, you will ſee fighting enough.

A battel is fought between Foot and great Hobby-horſes. At laſt Drawcanſir *comes in and kills 'em all on both ſides. All this while the battel is fighting,* Bayes *is telling them when to ſhout, and ſhouts with 'em.*

Draw. Others, may boaſt a ſingle man to kill;
But I the blood of thouſands daily ſpill.
Let petty Kings the name of Parties know:
Where e'er I come I ſlay both friend and foe.
The ſwifteſt Horſe-men my ſwift rage controuls:
And from their Bodies drives their trembling Souls.
If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie,
I would purſue and beat them thro' the Skie:
And make proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, ſee
This ſingle Arm more dreadful is than he. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your *Hectors*, and *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I defie all your Hiſtories and your Romances too, to ſhew me one ſuch Conqueror, as this *Drawcanſir.*

Johnſ.

Johnſ. I ſwear, I think you may.

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, how ſhall all theſe dead Men go off? For I ſee none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their Legs: How ſhould they go off? Why, do you think the people here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor Man: Your Friend here is very ſilly, Mr. *Johnſon*, I gad, he is. Ha, ha, ha. Come, Sir, I'll ſhew you how they ſhall go off. Riſe, riſe, Sirs, and go about your buſineſs. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha. Mr. *Ivory*, a word. Gentlemen, I'll be with you preſently. [*Exit.*

Johnſ. Will you ſo? Then we'll be gone.

Smi. I, pr'y thee let's go, that we may preſerve our hearing. One Battel more will take mine quite away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bayes *and Players.*

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1. *Play.* They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'Sdeath, this laſt Act is beſt of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [*Exit.*

1. *Play.* What ſhall we do, now he is gone away?

2. *Play.* Why ſo much the better; then let's go to Dinner.

3. *Play.* Stay, here's a foul piece of paper. Let's ſee what 'tis.

3. or 4. *Play.* I, I; come let's hear it.

[*Reads. The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

3. *Play.* *Cloris* at length, being ſenſible of Prince *Pretty-man*'s Paſſion, conſents to Marry him; but juſt as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandler's Widdow, and remembring it was ſhe that firſt brought him acquainted with *Cloris*: Out of a High point of Honour, brake of his Match with *Cloris*, and Marries old *Joan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in deſpair, drowns her ſelf: And Prince *Pretty-man*, diſcontentedly, walks by the River ſide. This will never do: 'Tis juſt like the reſt. Come let's be gone: [*Exeunt.*

Moſt of the Play. Ay, Pox on't, Let's be gone.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me ſweat to run after 'em. A couple of ſenſeleſs Raſcals, that had rather go to Dinner, than ſee this Play out, with a Pox to 'em. What comfort has a Man to write for ſuch dull Rogues? Come Mr.——a —— Where are you Sir? Come away quick, quick.

Enter Stage-keeper.

Stage. Sir, they are gone to Dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Stage. Why an'ſ pleaſe your Worſhip, Sir, the Players are gone to Dinner too.

Bayes.

Bayes. How! Are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impoſſible: The Players gone to Dinner! I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a Perſon that does them the Honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humourous, croſs-grain'd perſons, and all that. I gad I'll make 'em the moſt contemptible, deſpicable, inconſiderable Perſons, and all that, in the whole World for this Trick. I gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll ſell this Play to the other Houſe.

Stage. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll diſappoint the Company that comes to ſee it Acted here, this Afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one. I muſt reſerve this comfort to my ſelf, my Play and I ſhall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

Stage. But what will the Town ſay, Sir?

Bayes. The Town! Why, what care I for the Town? I gad the Town has us'd me as ſcurvily as the Players have done: But I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll Lampoon 'em all. And ſince they will not admit of my Playes, they ſhall know what a Satyriſt I am. And ſo farewell to this Stage, I gad, for ever. *Exit.* Bayes.

Enter Players.

1 *Play.* Come then, let's ſet up Bills for another Play.

2 *Play.* I, I; we ſhall loſe nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your Opinion. But, before we go, let's ſee *Haynes* and *Shirley* practice the laſt Dance; for that may ſerve us another time.

2 *Play.* I'll call 'em in: I think they are but in the Tiring-room.

The Dance done.

1 *Play.* Come, come; let's go away to Dinner.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THe Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That Circumſtance the Poet Bayes *forgot.*
And we can boaſt, tho' 'tis a plotting Age,
No place is freer from it than the Stage.
The Ancients plotted, tho', and ſtrove to pleaſe
With ſenſe that might be underſtood with eaſe;
They every Scene with ſo much Wit did ſtore,
That who brought any in, went out with more:
But this new way of Wit does ſo ſurpriſe,
Men loſe their Wits in wondering were it lies.
If it be true, that Monſtrous Births preſage
The following miſcheifs that afflict the Age,
And ſad diſaſters to the State proclaim;
Playes without head or tail, may do the ſame.
Wherefore for ours, and for the Kingdoms Peace,
May this prodigious way of writing ceaſe.
Let's have, at leaſt, once in our lives, a time
When we may hear ſome Reaſon, not all Rhyme:
We have this Ten Years felt it's Influence;
Pray let this prove a Year of Proſe and Sence,

FINIS.